Howard- the enclosed and this are in strictest confidence, please

Not until you are here and, should you then desire, go through my Times and Wolff files will you be able to evaluate the basic dishonesty of what Jerry has done in that part of his piece. The enclosed is something I threw at him off the top of my head when he called, unexpectedly.

He did, readily, admit that he knew I was not responsible for the Wolff footnote. And he could not explain why he said I was. Nor did he think about it. This is quite unlike him.

He said two other things I will mention. One is that Sylvia did make one suggestion, that he shorten the part on FRAME-UP and reduce the Wolff thing to single sentence in which he would say only that the Times should have sent the letter to me in advance of publication. I leave it to you to evaluate this and its effect in the piece if published. I think you should think about it. But there is a fact you should know: all my notes were contemporaneous and dated, intended for a book DICK DARING IN THE HELLBOX, OR HOW I GOT RICH IN SIX MONTHS. The internal dating is not just on the typed dates. It is in the obvious age of some of the paper, the use of a typewriter long since junked, etc. And what I really wrote Wolff is that as I had told him, the net effect of the order to him to assign no reviews of any assassination books (forgotten, may I add, as somas the pro-Commission stuff came out-that was also serialized in the Post) was that all except the first and the only underground one would be the only one not reviewed in the Post, that all the rest would be by syndication. In fact, Epstoins, Mark's and Sylvia's were first-page reviews in Book Week, New Book World. Wolff never answered this letter, Leonard never sent the original carbon to him of Kaplan or they ignored it, and Wolff's account to Jerry is identically the same as mine except that Wolff told Jerry the name he did not tell me, that of Ben Bradlee. You might also form you own evaluation of where cuts might well be made, especially as compared with this treatment.

The other thing is typical of Jerry. He said I was crazy to write George McMillan the letter I had. I said he really meant that on the basis of what he knew, it seemed crazy to him. He argued strenuously, only later to return to it and say exactly what I had begun by saying. He did that voluntarily, and I pointed out how vigorously he had disputed me only to come to that same conclusion. The point never really got through to him. I asked him if he had any idea what I might be responding to. He did not. I asked him if I needed to arm my enemies, were they not practised in inventing enough? He avoided answer. I asked him could I have had objectives and purposes unknown to him, had he seen or was he in any was aware of what MCM had written to which that, without telling McM i had, I was addressing myself? In all cases, he knew nothing. But he had the inflexible position that I should not have written the letter. Now I did have objectives Jerry cannot possibly know. McMillan, so you can understand a collateral one, has not yet finished his book and he is hung up on a literary zero. He also is secretly hung up on having had nothing but wealthy wives while he does not himself produce (not my objective, by the way). His current one is Priscilla Johnson. Of course, it may turn out that this was not a good letter to write, as I told Jerry. But that McMillan might produce it in a confrontation is hardly one. If I sent you a copy, do you think a proud man dare? But wha the hell, suppose he does? What do I produce? Jerry doesn't know, but he knows all the answers.

As I told you earlier, I am now more convinced that now that a few people have paid slight and productionless attention to him, and now that he has written something, he suddenly becomes, in his own eyes, an important person. He is getting too high for those britches. I, however, will not again waste the time to remindhim of his real size. Despite my liking for him. I have too much work to do. If I can give up some of the pleasure of life for it, I can also give up trying to help straighten out a fine young man who resists it too much. And, of course, I do know that at some point in the future he may have an entirely different view of all of t is and what he did or almost did...Another thing he told me I evaluate other than he did. Sylvia sent him the current Esquire, which she acknowledged is lifted from FRAME-UP at least in part. He says it is so he can copy it and circulate. But could I not have read it first? Should I hot have? I was told of it three days ago by a

reporter friend some distance from New York. He has an advance proof copy. Jerry has it by mail not later than today. If the reporter told me that it was largely criticized from Atlanta-UP, can I consider that critics are unaware of it? Of course, the reporter may be wrong, but Sylvia did tell Jerry at least one thing, because he told me that.

I find myself more and more perplexed, and more and more inclined to withdraw work. It is now almost 3 a.m. and except for the Graham and one other letter the entire evening of the paper, the evening has been spent unproductively.

I think it probable that you may learn some things from this. If you do, I leave that to you, without suggestion or guidance.

Best,